

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XI. NO. 4.

LEXINGTON, KY., SUNDAY, MARCH 16, E. M. 302.

\$1.00 A YEAR



Charles C. Moore
Editor

TERMS OF THE BLADE.

1 issue for one year \$1.00.
5 " " " " \$2.50

TERMS—\$1.00 per year, in advance;
in clubs of five 50 cents; foreign sub-
scription, \$1.50.

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GRASS BLADE, Lexington, Ky.

DO NOT order your paper discontinued
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THAT DATE on printed address tab is
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IF you send your subscription say
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in advance.

Club Rates and Sample Copies.

The BLADE will be sent for 50 cents a
year each for any order for FIVE or
more. Sample copies will be sent free.

AGENTS FOR THE BLADE.

Anybody can be an Agent for the
Blade by sending two cents each for
ten papers or more.

ADVERTISING IN THE BLADE.

Rowell's Newspaper Directory says:

5,368.
Average Weekly Circulation
for 1900

BLUE GRASS BLADE,
Lexington, Ky.

The leading weekly in the
State. Published in the heart
of the Blue Grass Region. Cir-
culates in every State in the
Union and in some foreign
countries.

Reaches a liberal class of
buyers. Advertising rates and
sample copies on application.

My terms are \$10.00 an inch a year,
paid in advance, regardless of the
number of inches and for nothing less
than a year.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain
degree, demoralizes those who make
it, those who sell it, and those who
drink it.

I believe from the time it issues
from the coiled and poisonous worm
of the distillery until it empties into
the hell of crime, death and dishonor,
it demoralizes everybody that touches
it.

I do not believe that anybody can
contemplate the subject without be-
coming prejudiced against this liquid
crime.

All you have to do is to think of the
wrecks upon either bank of this stream
of death—of the suicides, of insanity,
of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the
distress, of the little children tugging
at the faded dresses of weeping and
despairing wives, asking for bread; of
the men of genius it has wrecked; of
the millions who have struggled with
imaginary serpents produced by this
devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of
the almshouses, of the prisons, and of
the scaffolds upon either bank, I do
not wonder that every thoughtful man
is prejudiced against the damned stuff
called alcohol.

ROBERT A. INGERSOLL

\$500.00

To Make That First Payment
on a Linotype.

Would, I Believe, In Three
Years, Get 100,000 Read-
ers for the Blade.

And Make It the Greatest
Power for Good Now
In Existence.

The Blade of March 9, E. M. 302, was,
in my judgment, the finest issue of any
infidel paper ever printed. I have said
this several times before of previous is-
sues of the Blade, and have told the
truth all the time, because the Blade is
the best newspaper in the whole world
is getting still better all the time.

Barring a few little errors in typo-
graphy, the last Blade is my ideal of an
infidel newspaper if it had had about
twice as much in it, as it would have
had if I had had a linotype.

Taking the items in their order I do
not need to be told, after writing for
newspapers for forty years, that my
story of Rev. George O. Barnes, is told
in, at least fair, reportorial style, and
this is true, of everything I said.

My poetry "In Kentucky," which I
wrote for the Lexington Leader, and
was by mistake not credited to that pa-
per, has "gone the rounds" here. Of
course I am not a poet—got too much
common sense; have to be a little crack-
brained to be a poet. But I have told
you that to write poetry you must either
know how to scan, scientifically, or you
must have what is known as "an ear for
music," even to do the mechanical part
of poetry, which though a secondary
feature in poetry is simply indispensable.
The story of the two poems by
"The Student" of Birmingham, N.Y.,
is a novelette. He used to be a preach-
er, was then a teacher, then an editor
and is now a shoe-maker working on
the bench. So were Tolstol and Roger
Sherman. Both of his poems are
beautiful, but "Unmuzzled Oxen," is in
every sense essential to poetry, just as
fine as anything Burns ever wrote.

Wilson's handling of Rabbi David
Phillipson, is the most masterful thing
he has ever written. Not only the force
and style of the argument but the spirit
in which it is done—taken from Cincin-
nati Commercial-Tribune—is simply
faultless, and articles of that kind have
easily placed him at the head of the in-
fidel writers of the world—excepting
Kiddier, of course, as a specialist.

Wilson in his first piece makes Phi-
lipson take water, a thing that sky bus-
ters rarely do—they take something
stronger. Then Wilson simply turns
Phillipson over his knee and spansks him
and Phillipson goes way back and sits
down and cries, and don't want any
more of it in hisen.

If Phillipson had been a Campbellite
or Baptist or Presbyterian, or any of
these other upstart, new-fangled re-
ligions, it would not be surprising that
"Doe" used him that way; but in a
splendid city, like Cincinnati, where
the Jews are the biggest and richest
people in the whole town, they are not
going to put up any spring chicken to
do their crowing, and you better bet
Phillipson knows his business, and he is
a man of enough sense to know when
he has got enough, and that's more
than the average sky-buster knows.

That column from Dr. Bowles shows
him to be the best president, Wilson not
excepted, that any infidel organization
ever had. He can make "off hand,"
dozen speeches a day, to shoot rifles, a
dozen speeches a day, all just as good as
that.

There are three people connected with
this paper who might be President of
the United States, in 1908, if this little
paper were backed with a thousand or
two dollars, and I can astonish the na-
tives if the friends of this paper will
simply put into my hands \$500 to make
the first payment of \$1,500 on a linotype
machine, and do it inside of a month
from now.

I have, financially, in the conduct of
this little paper, had my nose to the
grindstone—one of these emory stones;
4,000 revolutions to the minute—ever
since I started it in 1884, excepting the
time I have been in the penitentiary
and jails—the only times I have ever felt
independent—and no man has ever seen
a tythe of my resources if I had the
money to develop them.

There is every condition in the world
to make this little paper the most influ-
ential publication in the world except
\$500, cash in hand, to make the first pay-
ment on that linotype, and, on the other
hand, the whole capoodle may go hell-
wards in a hand gallop, or like shot off
a shingle, if I don't get that \$500. But
give me that \$500 to get that machine,
and I believe I see straight before me,
100,000 readers of the Blue Grass Blade
in three years from now whether I live

or go up among the angels before the
three years are up.

The three people, some one of whom I
say might be made president of the
United States, by this paper, are Mrs.
Henry, Dr. Wilson and Dr. Bowles.

The greatest rulers who ever lived
have all been women. They were Zeno-
bia, Semiramis, Elizabeth and Victoria.
A woman is eligible to the presidency
of this government.

The article of Dr. Wetmore is splen-
did. He is the brand of a man that In-
gersoll honored with his personal
friendship, and in his own beautiful
home with his loved and appreciative
wife, as I have had the pleasure of see-
ing them, he is, if possible, even more
attractive than he is as he appears in
the Blade. He is the man who comes
nearer than any man I know to reflect-
ing the gentleness of Ingersoll.

Kate Austin is a grand woman, and
anarchist that she is, or claims to be,
all that the N. L. P. asks of her is that
she shall not try to shoot her arguments
into any body, like Czoizogoz did, but
just stick to hard pan reason and argu-
ment and I will stand by her if the
devil is to pay, and we want her, and
want her bad, as a contributor to this
paper.

While I have no sympathy with this
bushwhacking anarchy, is it true that
this snobbery and funkiness that are
being lavished upon this Dutch sprout
of royalty that is now "doing" this
country simply upon the ground that
he is the brother of the damndest mur-
derer living, is what is not making
anarchists but is making that brand
of the article that shoot the stuffing
out of just such chaps as he is. If a
great genius like the infidel anarchist
Tolstol comes here I want to put the
big pot in the little one-to-welcome him,
but I don't want any today to any im-
perialism, Dutch or Yankee, in mine.

Let up on that word "Anarchy,"
"Katie darling," and call it "Revolu-
tion," with a big R. and I am with you
for the first set.

Then there's "Ed. W. Chamberlain,"
grand fellow, who can always be counted
on to do the right thing at the right
time, and be the right man in the right
place, and Bro. Chamberlain being with
us reminds us that there is only one of
the great American thinkers who is not
with us—though not against us—who
ought, in justice to himself and to us,
to be with us, and that is Dr. E. B. Foote,
of New York City. The absence of that
name—father and son—from the col-
umns of this paper, where they used to
be, and where they fought side by side
with Chamberlain for me, in the peni-
tentiary matter, is the only aching void
in the career of this little paper.

Look at that string of "Condensed
Letters." There is not another infidel
paper in the world that can duplicate
that, and we had a whole lot more that
we could not print for the want of room.
Such as those came to me from all over
the United States and Territories and
Mexico and Canada and Australia and
lots of them write for new copies of
some certain issue of the Blade saying
there have been read until they are
worn out by passing them around.

Will any body or bodies, give me that
\$500? God only knows and he won't
tell.

Asks Help for the Poor In Arkansas.

John D. Farris, Esq., of Timbo, Ar-
kansas, one of our infidel brethren, is
one of a committee to raise funds for
the poor in Arkansas who are suffer-
ing from the effects of last summer's
drought and last winter's severity in
that State, and he asks me to appeal
for him through the Blade.

Official letters and newspaper ex-
tracts show that there is no doubt of
his genuineness.

This is a good chance for our rich
infidels to spend the money that they
save from pew rent and the mission-
ary box.

SPRING POETRY COMING IN.

With the return of Spring and blue
birds and jowl and greens there is al-
ways an increased influx of poetry.
Some is good and I print it, some is
bad and it goes into the waste bar-
rel. If you want to know how to write
poetry read all obituaries that you
find in poetry in the common newspa-
pers and guard against writing any-
thing like them.

\$30.00

St. Louis to Los Angeles, San Diego,
San Francisco, Cal., and intermediate
points during March and April, the
Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway
(Katy Flyer Route), will sell tickets at
above rate. Personally conducted ex-
cursion cars leave St. Louis every Tues-
day at 8:22 p. m. via Denison, Dallas,
Waco, San Antonio and El Paso, Texas.
For further particulars call on or ad-
dress H. F. Bowsher, D. P. A., 435 Wal-
nut street, Cincinnati, O.

H. HAUSER

Of Wilmington, N. C., Says He Is an
Infidel Who Is Being Imprisoned
For His Religious Opinions.

I have a long letter, and many news-
paper extracts, and some official docu-
ments from H. Hauser, jeweler and
watchmaker, 403 North Front street,
Wilmington, N. C. He has been sen-
tenced to the penitentiary for ten years
charged with having burned his own
jewelry store, which was insured. He
says he is an infidel and says he is be-
ing persecuted on this account, and that
his house was burned by Christian en-
emies so as to make it appear that he
had done it. Of course I cannot tell,
and I write this asking friends of the
Blade to send me information so that I
may know how to act about his case.
If his statement is true of course we
must try to help him. He sends me
official papers showing that he was a
member of the National Detective Bu-
reau, his license having been issued to
him April 26, 1894, by Harry C. Web-
ster, of Indianapolis, Ind., and is No.
2188.

He sends me satisfactory evidence of
his being a highly skilled clock maker
and he tells me that he conducted his
jewelry trade simply to assist him in
his business as a detective and an
official letter praises his faithfulness as
a detective. That there has been an
effort to array religious prejudice
against him because of his infidelity—
real or suspected—is evident from news-
paper reports that he sends me. In one
of these reports occurs the following:

"He (Hauser) was rigidly cross-ex-
amined as to his religion; denied being
a Jew, and that Payne (the paper
spelled Paine's name that way—Editor
Moore), Voltaire, Ingersoll and other
works, accepting only that which was
good in them. He believed in the Bible,
in God and in Christ."

Of course no attorney had any right
to ask any such questions as that, in
defense of the constitution of the
United States; of course such questions
were only intended to prejudice the
jury and the judge that allowed such
questions to be asked richly deserves to
be sent to the penitentiary for a good
long term, for having committed a
crime against this government scarcely,
if at all, less than Czoizogoz's assassina-
tion of McKinley, and there is no shad-
ow of doubt whatever may be true of
Hauser, that he has been foully dealt
with by an infamous and villainous
Christian court.

Of course if Hauser really believes
what he is represented in that Christian
paper, as saying he believes, he is a
Christian, and it is only an instance of
a gang of unscrupulous Christians per-
secuting one of their own members, as
is common for them to do, and it would
not be any special business of ours to
try to defend him. Or if Hauser is an
infidel and burned his house with any
criminal purpose it is none of our busi-
ness to try to defend him, but the
chances are that Hauser, finding that he
was in the hands of an unscrupulous
Christian gang that were persecuting
him for his infidelity, lied to them to
save himself from the penitentiary. Of
course it would have been more noble
in him to have said he was an infidel
and have suffered for it, as so many
good and honest men have done in the
hands of their Christian persecutors, but
if lying, under the circumstances, is the
only fault that Hauser has committed
it is our duty never to let up in our
efforts to save him.

That Christian witnesses will lie, and
Christian attorneys and Christian judges
and Christian juries will send an inno-
cent man to the penitentiary simply be-
cause he is an infidel, I certainly do
know from personal experience, and this
man Hauser, a poor foreigner here, who
can barely speak our language, would
be still more liable to such an outrage
than I was.

I know from personal experience with
those fool Christians down in North
Carolina that they are dangerous, bad
people among whom no intelligent and
honest infidel is safe.

Twenty years ago I was down in that
country and in a fine business house.
I expressed my infidel opinions, not so
radical then as now, to two prominent
citizens. They said to me, in an insin-
uating tone, that I might safely talk that
way to them, but that if I should go out
on the street and utter such opinions as

those some man would probably hurt
me.

There are of course infidels among
them who are good people, and some
cases of Christians who are good peo-
ple, but before a court there now, I
suppose it is just as it was in Kentucky
when I began my career in the State,
and as it was in the United States Court
that tried me in Cincinnati, where the
judge sat and let his attorney examine
a jury to see that they were all Chris-
tians before they could serve in the trial
of myself.

We want to find out the straight of
this case, and even if he is an infidel
and has burned his own house for the
insurance then we may just abandon
him to the Christians to persecute even
though they do it unlawfully as they
certainly have done, according to the re-
port of Christian newspapers, but if
that man is innocent and these Chris-
tians are simply persecuting him be-
cause he is an infidel, as I personally
know Christians will do, then I repeat
that we must take his case to the Su-
preme Court of the United States, if
necessary to save him.

No true Christian can be trusted with
the liberties and rights of any true in-
fidel.

Make it your business, infidel brethren
in the South to find out about Hauser's
case and send me the information to
print.

I was the only infidel among the
2,300 convicts in the Columbus peniten-
tiary and I am very slow to believe that
any true infidel will commit a crime.

A NEW RELIGION IN KENTUCKY.

The Courier-Journal of Feb. 28 gives
a long and very respectful account of
a new religion in Kentucky. The Blade
wishes it success; "the more the mer-
rier."

It starts at Dixie, Ky. Its foundress,
Mrs. Jennie Sigler, of whom the C-J
says she is "a woman of high stand-
ing" and is a member of one of the most
highly respected families in Henderson
county."

Sister Sigler is a propheticess of some-
what the order of Bro. Dowie. She says
Jesus Christ is soon to come back to the
earth and will come to Dixie. There
was some interest to get Prince Henry
to come to Lexington and Louisville,
but neither of these cities has, as yet,
taken any steps toward having the dis-
tinguished founder of the Christian re-
ligion to visit them when he comes to
Dixie.

Sister Sigler, by the aid of the Bible
and the arithmetic, has figured out that
there are even 144,000 people who are
going to be saved. She does not say
how many of them are from Kentucky,
and I have received no notice that I am
among the number of the redeemed. I
am doubtful about my chances, as she
does not seem to warm up to Prohibition.
She says "whisky drinking is the
least of the forms of intemperance."

She agrees with Bro. Wycarver in
saying that we ought not to eat any
meat, and she wants to keep Saturday
as a Sabbath. She says that getting mar-
ried and dying are two things nobody
ought to do. In the first of these she
will find a sympathizer in old Bro. Har-
mon of "Lucifer."

As to dying, many of her Christian
brethren suicides in Kentucky are using
their influence against her.

Sometimes I think dying is a good
thing, and think the suicides have more
good sense than any of us. Then again
I think dying is the last thing any man
ought to do.

On the whole I am for Sister Sigler, or
for anybody, or anything, that booms
Kentucky.

Religions are the queerest,
In Kentucky,
Millenium the nearest.

Every brand of pious fakir
From Anarchist to Quaker,
Adventist, Mormon, Shaker,
In Kentucky.

A NOTE OF THANKS.

To Capt. G. W. Loyd, New Rochelle,
New York.

Dear Sir:—I received from you today
a unique souvenir namely, a paper weight
made from a hickory tree that grew out
of the grave of the immortal Thomas
Paine. Through this medium I wish to
express to you my warmest thanks and
appreciation. I shall ever prize this
memento and keep it on my desk. This
souvenir will nerve my heart to increase
my feeble efforts to try and inspire my
fellows with a love for truth and liberty,
and to help to send ringing around the
earth the grandest religion ever offered
to the human race, the religion of
Thomas Paine, "The world is my coun-
try, to do good is my religion." Again,
thanking you, I remain respectfully
your grateful friend.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.
Versailles, Ky., March 3, 302.

WILL HELP
INFIDELITY.

I have received an issue of "The
American Weekly," a paper devoted to
the propagation of the religion of Alex-
ander Dowie. It prints a letter from
Percy Clibborn, son-in-law of "General"
Booth, of the "Salvation Army," in
which Clibborn says that he and his
wife have decided to join Dowie's
church, and the Kentucky papers have
recently published a letter from Rev.
George O. Barnes, of Kentucky, an-
nouncing that he is going to join Dowie's
church.

Dowie has put my name on his church
roll and regularly sends me duns to pay
what he has assessed me. Under the
laws of the United States Dowie has
just as much right to teach his religion
as any other man has to teach any
other religion, and as all religions are
simply schemes of knaves to make
money out of fools there is no more
reason why Dowie should be molested
in his scheme by sending him to the
penitentiary for "getting money under
false pretenses," than there is for pun-
ishing, by a penitentiary sentence, any
priest or preacher in Lexington.

It might seem to an infidel, at a
glance, that the success of Dowie is
discouraging, but really I do not think
it is; but I believe, on the other hand,
that it assists infidelity.

Dowie is a thoroughly orthodox Chris-
tian, but a more unmitigated scoundrel
does not live; and yet right here, in the
noonday light of the 20th century, that
man who is scorned by the average peni-
tentiary convict for descending to

degradation for the purpose of
robbery, under the guise of religion, as
the average convict will not do, has, to-
day, a following, obtained in about five
years, that is as large as the Christian
religion got in the first 350 years of its
existence, while Dowie has, in that time,
made \$4,000,000 and is, next to the Pope,
the richest preacher in the world. Of
course, to the ignorant and unscrupu-
lous masses who make up the rank and
file of all religions, this is reason for
them to follow Dowie, while to the more
intelligent classes it plainly shows that
the ultimate success of the Christian
religion is, by no means, any evidence
that it is true, and the prevalence of
Christianity, though it has gone over
only one-third of the earth in 2000
years, and though only one-third of the
people of the United States are com-
municants in any church, and the large
majority of these are women and chil-
dren and ignorant people, is, neverthe-
less, the greatest argument for Chris-
tianity that is made by its apologists.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL STORY.

Once upon a time an infidel gentle-
man and his infidel wife came a dis-
tance to my house, in the country, to
warn me that a Christian who be-
longed to a prominent family had
vowed to kill me, and, for some time,
my wife hung a thick blanket over the
window every night, fearing he might
assassinate me in the dark.

Some years since his wife eloped
with another man.

I had not seen the man who, it was
said, was liable to kill me for a num-
ber of years. Lately I met him. He
was poorly dressed and looked poor.
We bowed to each other kindly and
I would now do anything that I easily
could to help him.

I have gone through a great deal of
mental suffering myself, and am sorry
for any man or woman, or animal,
that suffers. I could even forgive
Rucker if he would ask me.

CRIMES OF CHRISTIANS.

For the want of money to print all I
want to print, in the Blade, I have late-
ly failed to print various instances of
the conviction of preachers and a few
instances of the conviction of priests,
for various crimes, and of persons who
have been hung, who, to their "spiritual
advisors," declared their faith in Chris-
tianity.

I have found no instances in which
infidels have been convicted of crimes,
but it is true that there is almost, if
not quite, as much bigotry among in-
fidels as among Christians, and more
stinginess among infidels than among
Christians.